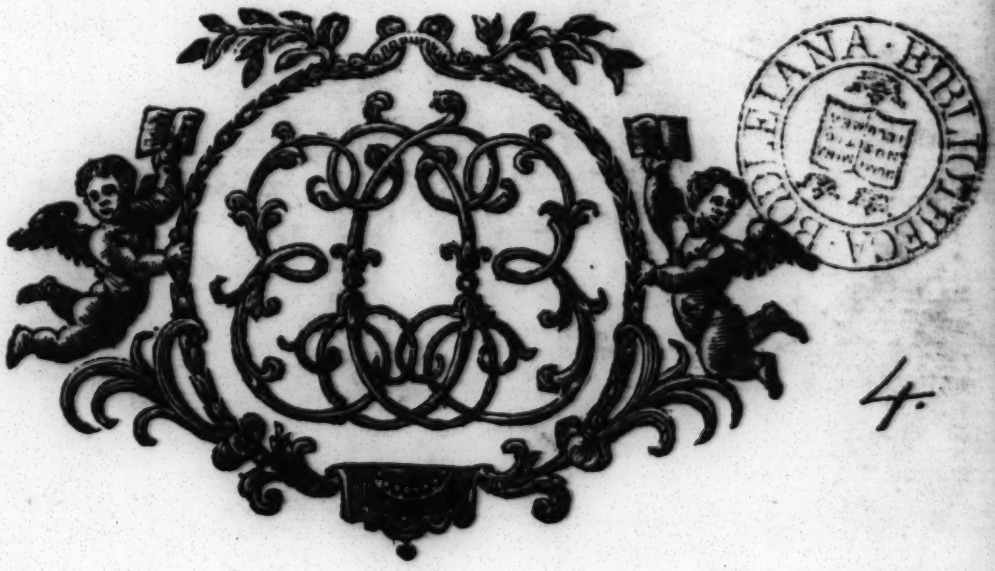
His Royal Highneſs,
FREDERICK AUGUSTUS
Prince of Wales.
Born Jan. 30th. 1707/8.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS MAJESTY, ON His *Acceſſion* to the *Throne*.

BY

WILLIAM PATTISON, late of *Sidney-College*, *Cambridge*



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AN

EPISTLE

TO HIS

MAJESTY, &c.

MY *Sacred*, LIEGE,

if Sorrow ceaſe to flow,

And reaſoning Nature yield a Pauſe to Woe,

In the ſad Silence of *Ideal Gloom*,

Whilſt *Death*, triumphant, mocks the *Monarch*'s Tomb,

Reflect,

Reflect, how *Glory* crouds *Life*'s narrow Span!
And let the PRINCE recover from the Man.

BEND, then, auſpicious o'er *Thy* filial *Iſle*,
And with a Father's Eye her Grief beguile,
Joy, o'er her Tears, in gentle Smiles diffuſe,
As riſing Suns melt off the Morning Dews.

BEAM'D on my Breaſt, how full *Thy* Glories
ſhine!
Nor more by *Lineage*, than by *Virtue Thine*.
From Heaven deriv'd, in Pity to our Woes,
By *Virtue*, firſt, the Right to Rule aroſe;
What time *Great Souls* to tame the World began,
And broke the wild *Barbarians* into Man;

Then,

Then, ſtricter *Laws* their looſe Deſires reſtrain'd,
And thro' the Paths of *Juſtice*, wiſely rein'd:
Aw'd then, deſtructive *Rapine* learn'd to ceaſe,
And jarring *Factions* harmoniz'd in Peace.

As ſome pure Stream, the hurrying Tempeſt o'er,
Serenely Winds along the Flowery Shore,
Progreſſive, paints the Borders as they riſe;
And each ſtill Scene with living Nature vies.
Calm'd thus for thought, and actively refin'd,
Dawn'd fair *Ideas* on the forming Mind;
Hence, the fam'd *ATHENS* rich in *Science* grew,
And *Arts* ſtill follow'd where *ROME's Eagles* flew;

Hence,

Hence, too, victorious o'er the Powers of *SPAIN*,
Late Times ſhall own the Wonders of *Thy* Reign,
Reviv'd, thoſe ancient Sons of Genius ſee,
And all their godlike *Patrons* crown'd in *THEE!*

LOST in the Viſion of *Futurity*,
Slowly the *Muſe* ſteals back her raviſh'd Eye,
And nobly kindling at an earlier Aim,
Dates the bright *Æra* of *Thy* growing Fame.

NOR ſhall the Pomp of the *Slow-moving Train*
Charm to the Vulgar-Gaze! her Sight detain:
Poor were the Praiſe, on Themes like thoſe to dwell,
Where THORNHILL's *Colours* might the *Verſe* excel!

Un-

Unnoted paſs the proud Proceſſion by----

True Greatneſs ſtrikes alone the *mental* Eye!

Shot thro' the Covert of a *Court's Diſguiſe*,

That reads *thy* Soul; for there the *Monarch* lies!

And *there*, in ev'ry Attribute expreſt,

As once on *MOSES*, ſees the *GOD* confeſt.

THRICE happy *Hand* of Power, to *THEE* aſſign'd,

To awe, to govern, and to bleſs Mankind!

To call forth humble Virtue into Fame,

To ſhade the *Titled Villain* o'er with Shame,

With Force to reſcue *where* the Proud oppreſs,

And count a kind of *Merit* from Diſtreſs;

Or, when deſpairing in the Cave of Grief,
Surprize the *ſentenc'd Sinner* back to Life,
And by the Favour of one *Smile* ſupply,
What gaſping *Monarchs* would with Empires buy.

How great theſe Acts!---but, ſince their Praiſe were poor,
Let me, at leaſt, in Thought, indulge them o'er!
Confeſs the Pride would with my Wiſh agree,
And bend my Heart, O *Power!* to envy Thee!
Then *Mercy!* ſhou'dſt thou melt each harden'd Soul,
And *Vice* turn *Virtue* by thy ſoft Controul:

For

For *Man* by Nature is a doubtful Soil,
And wildly fertile asks the Tiller's Toil;
Yet the ſame Place, where the rank Venom grows,
Bluſhful, may bloſſom forth the fragrant Roſe.

BLEST be the *Prince*, who thus his Power employs,
He moves in Smiles, and lives in circling Joys;
Superior to the *Tyrant*'s ſavage Arts,
Founds his firm Empire on his Subjects Hearts;
From gentleſt Virtues draws the noble Plan,
And proves the *Monarch* ſomething more than Man.

'TWAS thus we ſaw *THEE*, loſt in ſweet
Surprize,
Prelude *AUGUSTUS* to our raviſh'd Eyes,
Delightful Proſpects dawn'd on ev'ry Breaſt,
And *All* the *glorious Interval* confeſs'd!

NOR dwell we diſtant on the backward Hour,
Urg'd by freſh Views enlarging on before;
Brightening down Ages, with progreſſive ſhine,
They kindle Souls, in vain, to rival *thine*:
Whilſt thro' the Miſt of Time thy Fame appears,
The laurel'd Victreſs of ten thouſand Years!

YET

YET wilt thou ſtill the Courſe of Glory run,
Riſe, heightening into Luſtre, like the Sun:
For generous Minds, tho' Miracles were wrought,
Mourn every Act below their towering Thought:
Thus, tho' our Eye ſtretch the long Landſcape o'er
To the laſt Point, our Reaſon flies before.

AS in full Circles of Delight we rove,
Ev'n *Loyalty* itſelf is loſt in *Love*;
Whilſt crowded Nations, gazing from the Heart,
With honeſt Nature mock the *Muſe*'s Art.
No more the Labourer mourns his empty Toil;
Nor *Foreign Weeds* infect our happy Soil,

Joyful,

Joyful, we ſee our Stores on Stores increaſe,
The bounteous Growth of Liberty and Peace.

O H, Fair *BRITANNIA!* Empreſs of the Main,
Freſh ſpring thy Joys, an ever-blooming Train!
Steal them one Moment from thy downy Reſt,
(For 'twas ſtill thine to pity the Diſtreſs'd;)
O'er thy wide Ocean caſt thy gentle Eye,
There learn how Lands unciviliz'd may dye;
And, as thou mourn'ſt their Happineſs o'erthrown,
Nearly reflect, and learn to prize thy own:
Nor envy Nations that remotely run
To the full Influence of a warmer Sun,

When

When all the various Sweets their Products boaſt,
Tranſported, flouriſh on our happier Coaſt.

YET thy rich Plains with equal Bounty ſmile,
And all *Elyſium* opens in thy *Iſle*.
What yellowing Harveſts o'er thy Mountains flow,
Wave down, and thicken all the Vale below!
How the glad Merchant views, with greedy Pride,
The World's Abundance pour in every Tide!
Ev'n *Avarice*, here, might ſate her thirſty Eyes,
There, *Famine* feaſt, and into *Plenty* riſe!

IN this Profuſion of increaſing Joy,
Heaves e'er a Breaſt, or ſtreams a tearful Eye!

Let

Let grating *Envy* now alone deplore,

E'en injur'd *Merit* is a Crime no more!

Nor doom'd to watch a chearleſs Life away,

Like a dull Dial on a Winter's Day.

SINKS there oppreſt, to Shades obſcure confin'd,

The mournful Merits of a generous Mind;

To CAROLINA, breathe the modeſt Prayer,

Her gentle Soul can charm away Deſpair!

Her gentle Soul from Wants laſt Verge retriev'd,

And e'en the *Shade* of *ancient* Worth reliev'd: †

The good OLD GENIUS ſaw *thy* Gifts engage,

And mock'd the Malice of a grateleſs Age.

How

† The *Royal Bounty*, ſent to *Milton*'s Daughter.

How loſt in ſweet Surprize, the World admir'd,
When all the *Woman* to a *Saint* aſpir'd;
What Time *Religion's* purer Flame out-ſhone
The dazzling Splendours of a *German Throne!*
Charm'd with the Proſpect of *thy* future Iſle,
Silent ſhe bad *thee* every Wiſh beguile;
Sees BRITAIN's *Crown* thy ſofter Power employ,
The glittering Earneſt of immortal Joy!

STILL then the Promiſe of our Hopes maintain;
Still dawn freſh Wonders for a future Reign;
And lo! advancing to maturer Years,
GREAT FREDERICK, Image of his SIRE,
appears!

Paternal Virtues all *His* Soul engage;

And blooming Youth divines a fruitful Age!

So, on the yellowing Orange-Tree, appear

The flowery Tokens of a golden Year;

Fair, o'er the falling Fruits, new Beauties riſe,

And all the ſweet *Succeſſion* never dies.

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